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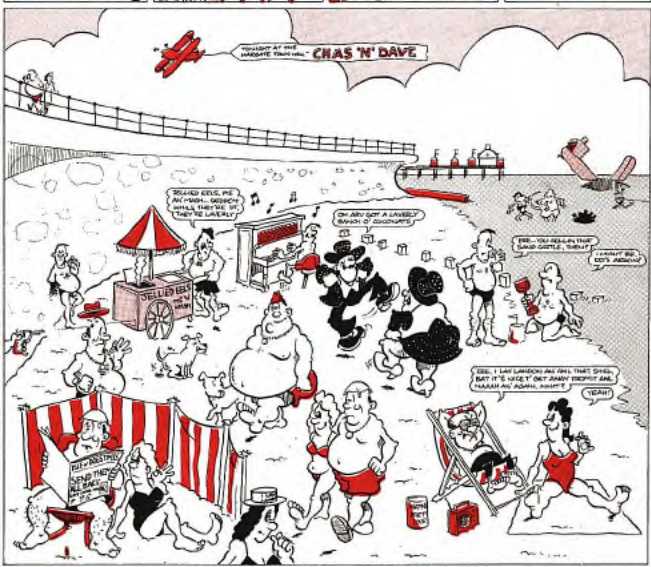
SID THE SEXIST MODERN PARENTS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE IT, YOU JUST HAVE TO BUY IT



COCKNEY WANKER





Potty Hill quits Beeb

TV soccer pundit Jimmy Hill has dramatically quit the BBC in order to join a bizarre religious cult.

Hill recently stunned BBC bosses by refusing to analyse first half highlights of the recent F.A. Cup final on 'religious grounds'. And after a blazing row with Match of the Day producers Hill is rumoured to have quit his £100 a week job and joined a little known religious cult calling themselves the Church of Latter Day Dixonology.

DIXON

The basic belief of Dixonologists is that Dixon of Dock Green, the likeable 'bobby on the beat' played for over twenty years by the late Jack Warner, will return to Earth in a 'third coming' and lead humanity on the path to law and order. They



believe that Dixon has risen once already, referring to the fifties film 'The Blue Lamp' in which P.C. Dixon was shot outside a cinema by Dirk Bogarde, only to return to life years later in the long running TV series 'Dixon of Dock Green'.

CURRY

Hill and other Dixonologists believe that the 'third coming' of P.C. Dixon can be brought about by his followers sitting in a circle and blinking their eyes very quickly indeed. They also stick rigidly to a diet of things beginning with 'P', such as peanuts, Penguin biscuits and Parmesan cheese. Cult members are forbidden from having uPVC double glazing or any type of conservatory in their homes.

RUMBELOW

It was thought that Hill had settled his differences with BBC bosses after they

for cop cult



agreed to let him analyse action from this summer's World Cup finals wearing a crown. A dispute had begun when Hill told colleagues that in future he was to be referred to as the 'King of Football', and several commentators, including former dentist Barry Davies, walked out in protest. However the situation had seemed to be resolved when

producers agreed to let Hill wear a crown and sit in a slightly larger chair than the other match analysts.

COMET

When we rang his home yesterday we were told that Hill was in the garden, walking behind a tree, and was not prepared to come to the telephone.

STAR SHIT ENTERPRISE

An unemployed Bolton man plans to go where no businessman has gone before by launching a pioneering enterprise of his own.

Harold Beggins plans to make a fortune selling souvenirs of the stars, despite the fact that his products are shit. Quite literally! For Harold intends to market celebrity excrement, buying stools fresh from the stars, and selling them as paper weights.

METEOR

"I'm surprised nobody had thought of the idea before", Harold told us. "It seems such an obvious money earner. Turds which would otherwise have simply been flushed down the toilet can be taken away and sold to fans. I'm sure there'll be huge demand, especially for someone like George Michael or Sting's shit."

ASTEROID

Originally Harold had planned to make 'Celebrity Stool Snow Storms' with the logs, sealing them in a plastic dome filled with water, but there were various technical problems. "When you shook them they just turned into diarrhoea. They would have been very difficult to market, and unhygienic if they cracked." So instead he plans to encase them in glass, along with a signed picture of the star responsible for the dump.

HAEMORROID

Already a host of celebrities have denied droppings after Harold began visiting them to explain his scheme. "Generally the people I've spoken to have been very helpful", said Harold. "I just turn up on their doorsteps with my plastic bag and a

spoon. Early morning is the best time, as that seems to be when most of the stars carry out their ablutions. There's the odd awkward customer who refuses to help, but generally speaking they've been marvellous. Cliff Richard, for example, even had one ready in a bag for me when he opened the door."

ADENOID

Unfortunately Harold's bank manager has been less than helpful. "He put me in touch with their Small Businesses Adviser, but when I explained my idea the only advice I got was to 'fuck off'. And without financial backing I can't get the business off the ground."

POLAROID

Unless the bank have a change of heart Harold fears he may have to throw away the dozen or so stools he has so far collected. "My wife won't let me keep them in the house, so I've got them all in the back yard at the minute. But there's a limit to how long you can keep them before they go all crumbly. They're already drying out."

POLAR BEAR

"The biggest one I've got so far was from Meatloaf. It's a bit on the big side for a proper weight, but it should make a good door stopper. However, if I don't get something sorted out soon I'm going to have to chuck it out, and that will mean having to break it up, which would be a shame."

Bewes sets target for walnut industry

Former TV Likely Lad Rodney Bewes has set a target for Britain's walnut growing industry. 'Self sufficiency by the year 1997'.

Bewes believes that Britain should be growing all the nuts we need within three years, and that the target is realistic. "I don't know much about walnuts, or how you grow them, but I think that we should be producing as many as we need, and hopefully within the next three years."

Bewes chose his target - the 6th of February 1997 - mainly because it was the anniversary of a friend's wedding. "I had a gut feeling about 1997, but I must confess a friend of mine suggested the 6th February because it was his

wedding anniversary. But I don't suppose that's important."

Bewes, who lives in Putney, South London, played Bob in the popular series. And we asked him how his hen pecking wife Thea might have reacted to his target for walnut self-sufficiency. "I hadn't really thought about that", he confessed. "I seem to remember she was always trying to stop me

going to the pub with Terry, my best mate. I don't know. Perhaps she'd think it was a good idea. I'm not sure."

And Bewes was equally uncertain about how Britain's nut growers are supposed to go about increasing their crops. "I suppose if they invested in new technology - some sort of nut fertiliser, or mechanical nut pickers, that would help."

LetterBocks

That's magic!

They say 'you can't teach an old dog new tricks'. Well Paul Daniels hasn't done too badly with Debbie McGee.

Mr C. Pops
Halifax

My brother-in-law is Cockney Wanker's double. He's from the East End, supports West Ham, and he even eats jellied eels. Here's a picture of him. Do I win £100?

John Warham
Kewlloon

** A pretty good likeness, and well worth a hundred pounds. But before we send you the money, does anyone else know a Viz look-a-like? If you send us a picture of a more impressive look-a-like than John's, YOU can have John's £100. And there'll be a tanner... no, we'll make it £20 for any other pictures we decide to print. If you want them returned, put your name and address on the back.*

I wonder if any of your readers could help me. I am looking for a great big melting pot sufficiently large to accommodate the world and all it's got. If I find one my intention is to keep it stirring for a hundred years or possibly longer, my eventual aim being to turn out coffee coloured people in multiples of twenty. Is anyone aware of a manufacturer or supplier of melting pots large enough for this purpose?

B. Mink
Birmingham



On a recent trip to Spain I spotted this car. Is nobody safe from the Bottom Inspectors?

Dave Richardson
Madrid

P.S. Do I win £5?

**Yes Dave, there's a crisp fiver on its way to you.*

LetterBocks
Via Connick
Ro. Box 1 PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE39 3PT



My husband and I couldn't believe all the fuss over the D-Day anniversary. We have been quietly commemorating the event every June for the last forty years. During our annual holiday in Great Yarmouth my husband puts on a rucksack filled with housebricks and wades about in the sea for several hours while I shoot at him with an air rifle from the promenade. It's our own personal way of paying tribute to the bravery and the sacrifices made by those who took part.

Mrs R. Split
Fareham

Have any other readers spotted a car or sign or anything else with the word 'ARSE' written on it? Send your photos to 'Arse Snaps' at our usual LetterBocks address. There's between £5 and £20 for each picture we use, depending how big the word 'ARSE' is.

If you have a point to make,
Send it in and win a cake*

Having witnessed your recent decline in standards I thought perhaps now would be a good time to write in and tell you that I live in a village called 'Cocking'. I would love to hear from readers who live in a foreign village called 'Fanny' or similar so that we could arrange for the two places to be twinned.

B. J.
Cocking (Nr. Midhurst)
West Sussex

Star bore

I was disappointed to find a glaring inaccuracy in your cartoon 'Derek Anorak' (issue 65). Any true 'anorak' would know there were 124 episodes of Star Trek made, not 513 as claimed in your strip. This excludes the original pilot episode in which Captain Kirk was absent, a Captain Decker being in command. Captain Decker later reappeared in episode 56, severely disabled and in an electric wheelchair.

Kevin Davies
Wisbech, Cambs

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Ian Bryson
Preston

** Yeah? Well you can shove your radio up your arse an' all, you big Lancashire ponce.*

In reply to Bob Watkins' letter (issue 65). One way of attaching cheese to soap could be to pin them by sticking a sewing needle into the soap and then sliding the cheese onto it and pushing them firmly together. I cannot guarantee success, but it has always worked for me when attaching potatoes to cucumbers.

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Big isn't beautiful

If Dawn French thinks fat people are so beautiful, how come she didn't marry Barry White?

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Here's my entry for your Dirty Stamp competition (issue 65). Something for your sexist female readers, rather than the blokes. It's a Russian stamp, and if you look closely it shows a bunch of naked men riding round on horses, in a pond. Yvonne Muller
Zurich

Rude stamps? Try these for size. They make your New Zealand one look tame. These are from Equatorial Guinea. God knows where that is, but they do a pretty hot line in filthy postage stamps.

Jeremy Harris
Cheltenham

** Congratulations Jeremy. You win all the other stamps we received. Four altogether. We'll also chuck in a free subscription, and a can of lager. Plus a copy of the Fat Slegs new book, sixty dollars in American money, and a tape measure.*



She's no angel

People are quick to criticise Michael Aspel for his extramarital remps, and a lot of sympathy has been expressed for his wife. What short memories some people have. It was only a few months ago that Aspel's wife, Mrs Hewitt, was shagging Arthur Fowler in Eastenders. Frankly, I think the pair of them deserve each other.

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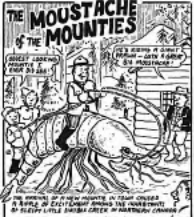
Mrs S. Wheat
Grangemouth



ROGER MELLIE

The Man on the Telly









POLLING THE BIRDS IS A

Getting the girl is 'e if you're a New Ma

There was a time not so long ago when all you had to do to impress the girls was buy them a drink or a box of chocolates. And wam bam thankyou mam, you were in kipper land up to your apricots.

Twenty years ago George Best only had to stagger into a nightclub and punch someone in the face and hey presto! Half a dozen Miss World's were queuing up for a shag.

TIMES

But times have changed. The nineties have seen the emergence of a new type of woman who believes in sexual equality.

MIRROR

But don't worry fellas. Getting your end away in the nineties is every bit as easy as it used to be, providing you play your cards right. The trick is to be a 'New Man'. Take Ben Elton for example. Instead of drinking ten pints of beer, firing a Colonel Bogue horn to his Ford Capri and doing wheelspins in the pub car park at closing time, he impresses the birds by pretending they're his equal, ridiculing sexism, and telling jokes about periods.

SIGNAL

Richard Gere hit the jackpot too, pulling one of the world's classiest bits of skirt without a single flashy sports car or motorbike anywhere in sight. He wooed sexy supermodel Cindy Crawford by whinging on about Tibet, turning into a Buddhist and campaigning for AIDS.

MANOUVRE

Have you got what it takes to be a New Man? Could you pretend to treat women as your equal in order to have a shot on their shtins? Well here's a simple test to see whether you've got what it takes. All you have to do is answer each question either A, B or C. When you've answered all the questions, tot up your total to see how you'd get on with the liberated women of today.

1. You're in a high brow bookshop looking through lots of books with no pictures in them when you spot a really classy bit of fluff about to leave the shop carrying a book and struggling to open the door. What would you do?

(a). Hold the door open for her, look down her blouse and then slap her on the bum as she leaves.



Black Best (above) bird Cindy (right).



(b). Hold the door open and smile, trying not to look at her tits.

(c). Let her open the door herself while you look at the book she's carrying, then tell her how much you admire the author and ask whether she's read any of their other books.

2. You're walking through the park when you see two gorgeous looking birds sitting on a bench. Nearby some schoolboys are playing football and their ball lands at your feet. What would you do?

(a). Drizzle the ball past half a dozen 8 year olds, just like Ryan Giggs. Kick and stamp on a few of them, just like Eric Cantona. Then unleash a blistering 25 yard shot that sails between the coats (which are being used as goalposts) before running in slow motion towards the women, your arms held aloft, attempting under your breath to impersonate the sound of a 40,000 capacity crowd shouting 'Yeah!'

(b). Pick the ball up and walk towards the kids until you're close enough to kick the ball back to them without risk of missing, falling over or otherwise embarrassing yourself.

(c). Pick the ball up, walk towards the kids, and tell them that whilst you appreciate the value of team participation, you really don't approve of the concept of competitive male dominated sports, making sure you say it loud enough for the women to hear.

3. Your girlfriend says she's hungry and fancies a meal. Where would you take her?

(a). To McDonald's for a

value packed browie paper nosebag full of McBurgers, McChips and any other shit they'll throw in for a fiver.

(b). To a classy Chinese restaurant where you can spend the evening entertaining her by playing with your chop sticks, doing racist Chinese waiter impressions and making endless jokes about 'flick lice'.

(c). Take her back to your place to show how domesticated you are, and impress her by undoing your tie then whipping up a five course meal in ten minutes, with no chips. Then offer to help her do the dishes afterwards.

4. You're spending a cosy night in with a date. You've got plenty of beer in, and you've ordered some pizzas. What would you watch on the telly?

(a). The live football on Sky, followed by the highlights on BBC1. Then at midnight catch the free 15 minutes of porn on the Adult Channel before they scramble it, before turning back to Sky to watch the whole match again at 12.30am.

(b). Flick around to see if there's any good movies on. Preferably something with a bit of sex in it.

(c). Watch Newsnight on BBC2, tuning every time a Tory is mentioned, before sitting through 'The Late Show', nodding and pretending to know what the fuck those potentious high brow tarts are prattling on about.

5. If a bird agreed to go to the pictures with you, what would you take her to see?

(a). The latest hi-tec action adventure blockbuster starring Jean-Claude Van Damme

(b). A saucy late night skin flick at the local members only flea pit and five trap, starring Chesty Morgan

(c). Some French shit or other with sub-titles at the local heavily subsidised 'art house' cinema, starring Gerald Deppadew



Deerpardew - the thinking birds bit of rough.

6. You decide to buy a new car in order to impress the tooty. What sort of motor would you choose?

(a). A flashy gold Opel Manta GTE with fancy body graphics, flared wheel arches, a furry steering wheel cover and a 35 foot CB aerial on top.

(b). An old hand-painted Transit van with flames on the side, outsized back wheels, disco speakers and a mattress chucked in the back.

(c). Any small and economical car, with a catalytic converter of course, preferably something French, like a Renault or Citroën perhaps.

7. You are planning a holiday with a girlfriend. Where would you take her?

(a). To a ritzy resort in the South of France where you can spend your days supping lager and watching bare breasts bouncing up and down on the beach, and your nights wanking furiously in the bathroom trying, through and alcoholic haze, to summon the memory of a particularly big pair, while your bird falls asleep in the bedroom

(b). Treat her to a luxury cruise for a fortnight to give her a break from the

cooking and washing-up that she has to do for the other 50 weeks of the year.

(c). Fly to Peru then travel overland to Nicaragua to witness for yourself the suffering of the indigenous peoples, sending all your friends re-cycled postcards, and arriving back at Heathrow six months later with half a pound of cannabis up your arse.

8. You are in a long term relationship with your bird and one day she turns round and says she wants to get a job. What would you do?

(a). Slap her, and tell her no bird of yours goes out to work. You wear the trousers in your house, and that's the end of the matter.

(b). Sit her down and tell her 'That's fine. As long as my dinner's on the table when I come home. And besides, the extra money will come in quite handy.'

(c). Show your support by packing your job in, going out and buying a pink pinafore and becoming a house husband. Then, while she's at work, sit around watching 14 hours of Australian soaps every day, start sipping the cooking sherry, and discussing the merits of various soap powders and instant coffee brands with your next door neighbour.

9. One evening it gets to 8 o'clock and your missus still hasn't come home from work. How would you react?

(a). Sit alone, drinking heavily, convincing yourself of a highly unlikely scenario in which she is having sex with her boss, and laughing about you. Then raise the roof and slap her about when she gets home, not giving her a chance to explain where she has actually been.

(b). Wait till she comes in and then demand an explanation. Listen suspiciously to what she has to say, then go into a sulky, asking occasional trick questions in an attempt to trip her up over any petty detail or inconsistency in her story.

'PC' OF CAKE!

y PC'

Are the TV PC's PC?

(e). Don't even ask why she is late. She's an individual, and it's none of your business where she's been. Or who's been slugging her. If she wants to have an 'open' relationship, then that's fine. After all, you'll be able to go out and shag birds as well. So, hey! There's no need to lay this heavy jealousy scene on her. It's her body. You don't own it.

10. Your bird invites you to a party being thrown by a friend of hers, but when you get there it turns out the host is a pinch of snuff. How would you react?

(a). Storm out immediately, shouting incoherent homophobic abuse, then go down the pub for a few beers, returning later with your mates to put his windows through.

(b). Try to be polite to the host, but pretend to be ill so that you can leave as quickly as possible, keeping your back to the wall, and under no circumstances coming into contact with his luxury seat.

(c). Stay all evening, talking to him as if he was normal, but avoiding subjects like football, boxing and girls.

11. You've taken a smashing bird out for a few drinks. It's been a lovely evening, and at 11.30 you find yourself leaning on her in the queue for the fish and chip shop. You were a little bit dizzy, but you've just thrown up, and you're feeling fine again. Suddenly you spot someone else in the queue looking at your bird. What do you do?

(a). Stick your forehead as close to his forehead as you can, stare into his eyes aggressively and ask him whether he was looking at your bird.

(b). Ask no questions. Simply launch into an uncoordinated and frenzied attack, accompanied by a barrage of half-formed obscenities, until such time as other customers restrain you with cries of 'Leave it!' 'It's not worth it!' and 'It's just the beer talking!'

(c). Tell him, using as many big words as possible, that it's sexist to look at another bloke's bird, and demand an apology. Or you'll lamp him.



Bingo! Ben gets his bird proving that 'PC' pays

12. You've scored with a classy, high brow piece of skirt. You've been invited back to her place, and bingo! You've got the green light. Next thing you know you're both bollock naked in the bedroom. How do you proceed?

(a). Give her a right good three minute scuttling from behind before wiping your cock on the duvet and coughing the last shag home.

(b). Give her a right good three minute scuttling from

behind, then try to stay awake long enough for a cuddle and a quick fag before you nod off.

(c). Sex should be a beautiful, mutually satisfying, shared experience. So first of all you've got to feel her tits and her 'G' strings for several hours (Suing recommends at least five) until she has multiple orgasms. Then give her a right good three minute scuttling from behind, as previously.

How 'New' are you?

Award yourself 1 point for each answer (a), one point for a (b), and two points for each (c). Then tot up your total and see how PC you could be.

24 points: Well done. You're obviously a sensitive, thoughtful, caring individual. You treat everyone - both male and female - as individuals, and you enter into relationships with honesty, maturity and respect for your partner. Birds will go bonkers for a bloke like you, so get straight down to the nearest University Student Union and fill your boots!

18 to 23 points: Not bad. But you're still having trouble coming to terms with women as individuals, and not as objects. And you labour under the false impression that women can be impressed by

macho behaviour and the show of aggression. Unless you change your way of thinking the high class talent will continue to pass you by. But don't worry. If you lower your sights a bit some old slapper's bound to give you a shag.

12 to 17 points: A poor score. To put it bluntly, you're a male chauvinist pig. You think that women exist merely to serve and to satisfy you. You are shallow, and feel intimidated by any woman who fails to fulfil that subservient role. You'll never get to shag the real copies at that rate. You'll end up hitched to some ugly biter.

11 or less: Either you can't add up, or you've missed out at least one question. Go back to the beginning and try again.

How do the TV PC's pull their crumpey? How do television's bobbies on the beat go about bagging a bird?

P.C. Nick Berry, alias actor Simon Wicksy, star of TV's Yorkshire police vet drama 'Heartbeat', confirmed that there wasn't many birds going spare in nineteen sixties rural Yorkshire. "Some nights I end up **Heartbeating** my meat, if you know what I mean". But Simon believes one thing gives him the edge over other horny TV cops. "Singing my own theme tune in a nancy voice impresses the birds no end", he told us. "They always go for the puffy pop star pin-up type like me. And besides, there's not a great deal of competition in 'Heartbeat'. Birds have only got three hobbies to choose between. Me, Selwyn Froggit and Mr Derek out of Basil Brush, who looks about 90 now."

actor Freddie Nail, fierce competition from former Scarborough beat bobby **P.C. Penrose**, alias TV's 'Rosie', Nail's grey haired senior officer. Viewers might expect Nail to put his hard man image to good use when it comes to tapping the lasses. But former fifteen pints a fight non Freddie, now a respected writer and director, finds that the tricks he learnt as a child are still the most effective. "Showing off never fails," he boasted. "After a busy day of filming on the streets of Newcastle I love to get my bike out of the shed and ride up and down our street doing 'nu hands'. If that doesn't impress the girls, I do a few 'wheelies', then skid to a halt right in front of them."



TV's beer swilling **Inspector Morse**, alias actor John Thaw, relies on a combination of flashiness and sophistication to get his leg over in Oxford, a town bursting at the seams with high class mud. "It's a bit of a cliché, but the red red Mark II Jag is a regular fanny magnet", he told us. However Morse finds that the more sophisticated crumpey - often the ones who perform better in the sack - aren't so easily impressed. "That's why I always talk like I've swallowed a dictionary, and go to opera and stuff. That's for the benefit of the top notch birds, and I've pulled a few of them. I can tell you."

Competition for toosh on the set of one BBC police drama is pretty hot at times, with two top TV detectives battling for birds. For moody tough guy Tyne-side detective **Spandor**, former TV bricky Oz, alias Gordie



TV's Inspector Regan (left) was actor Jack Thaw (right)

Freddie has found that another trick which never fails is Selloctaping a lolly stick to the front forks. "When the wheel turns the lolly stick hits the spokes and makes a noise just like a motorbike", said Fred yesterday.

Another hard drinking hard man cop is TV's **Inspector Jack Regan**, alias actor John Thaw, start of his seventies cop show The Sweeney. John doesn't have much time for political correctness. "I'm a member of the old school. If I want a bird I just kick the door down, shout 'Sweeney', call everyone a bastard, then go down the rub-a-dub and pick up the first slapper I see, give her a good old cattle truck, and then piss off first thing in the morning after growing three days stubble overnight which I shove off while pouring myself a mug of whisky."

STUDENT GRANT

THE 22 WEEK SUMMER VAC IS HERE AT LAST, AND THE STUDENTS OF SPUNKYBIDGE UNIVERSITY ARE ALL READY TO GO HOME.



WELL, I'M GOING TO AMERICA WITH DUNCAN. I'M GOING TO TEACH COLLEGE BOYS TO PLAY FOOTBALL.



BUT YOU'RE NOT EVEN INTERESTED IN FOOTBALL.

I LOVE FOOTBALL. I INTEND TO WATCH THURSDAY NIGHTS EVERY WEEK. SUNDAY-MORNINGS I HAD A BIRTHDAY THIS



THE ASSEMBLYMAN THROPPERS, AND IF YOU WANTED TO TIME THE MATCH, THERE'S WITH CLOTHES THROTTLE TRAIL

I'M NOT GIVING FOR THE FOOTBALL. I'M GOING TO SHAVE ALL THOSE AMERICAN CHICKS



I DON'T THINK SO. YOU'RE A BIT OFFENSIVE TO WOMEN



YAH, IT'S NOT PARTICULARLY PEE CEE. SUMMER HANDED YOU GUTHY HEARD? PEE THESE I'M OUT. BLOODY ARE IN. SHOCKERS?

YAH, YOU KNOW BIRTHDAY, THROPPERS, BUCKLE UP. IT'S ALL ALRIGHT NOW.



WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' GRAMMITY?



WELL, WE'RE OFF NOW IN GIMMITY FRONDA. YOU GUTHY WANT A LIFT TO THE BUS STATION?



BUS STATION? YAH, WELL, JUST BACK OUT A TOWN AND INTER. RIGHT, CRAPPO?



BUSINESS GUARANT. WHAT A STINK OF WORK. IT'S YOUR ASH!



TWENTY MINUTES LATE. INTERSE HAVE YOU BEEN. MYSELF. ANYBODY'S GONE HAVE PICKED UP UP?



NEXT DAY, AT THE RAILWAY STATION...



PLUNGE! CHUCKLEBOOK?



SHOCKER!

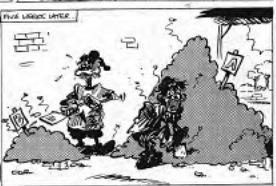


MEAN - WHEN IS SHE GOING TO REALISE I'M INDEPENDENT. IN NATURE. I CAN BECOME MY OWN THIS FIRST, FOR FORD'S GANE



THE DAY LATER...





GOSH CRISPIN TO THINK THAT'S NEARLY A THOUSAND POUNDS!



ARE YOU GOING TO GO HOME NOW GUAAAAA?

WELL, PROBABLY IN CHARGE OF THE CRANE WORKING, COULD UNDERSTAND HERE, FOR THE PAST SEVERAL DAYS AREN'T I'M REACHING BY A SHOOT



OH, DON'T BE SUCH A MENDACIOUS. YOU SO HAVE IF YOU WANT YOU SQUAME IN GOING TO RUN AROUND SWITZER FOR A FEW WEEKS ADJUST... SHOULD SOME OF THIS DASH



WELL, PROBABLY GO TO AMSTERDAM AND HAVE A HAIR OF LIPS, THEN SAVOUR IT INTO TURKEY - JUST FOR THE EXPERIENCE ACTUAL



WELL I'M NOT HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH DAVES, AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU. ENJOY



SHORTLY, AT THE STATION...

BY, DO GET LE TEAM POUR AMSTERDAM?



AN, DOIT L'GAI TRIZE



NON, NON, NON, TRIZE! TRIZE! TRIZE!



I KNOW, I KNOW I CAN SPEAK YOUR FANCY LANGUAGE, YOU KNOW, I DO THIS AT A CLOUT



JE PENSE FAUCON'S IMPROVISE BEM, NEARLY BOW-COW



THINK, I THINK I'LL HAVE GUNTARD'S WINKS



WELL, PROBABLY GO TO AMSTERDAM AND HAVE A HAIR OF LIPS, THEN SAVOUR IT INTO TURKEY - JUST FOR THE EXPERIENCE ACTUAL



CHERNOBYL, 2 WEEKS LATER...



AND YOU GOING TO RECUPERATE? PROBABLY, NEAR THE VIKINGS IT WILL BE



WELL, PROBABLY GO TO AMSTERDAM AND HAVE A HAIR OF LIPS, THEN SAVOUR IT INTO TURKEY - JUST FOR THE EXPERIENCE ACTUAL



YOU TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES



BACK AT UNIVERSITY...

HEY, IT'S GEMARANT!



COULD BE THAT YOU BURNED AROUND EUROPE, GUAAAAA?



SIT DOWN, YOU, DO YOU US ALL ABOUT IT



Sorry about England not qualifying for the World Cup finals in America this summer. But there's no need for English fans to miss out on the excitement, thanks to my fantastic insect football game, writes **GRAHAM TAYLOR**.

I've specially designed this all action table-top insect football game to enable you to experience the action and thrills of football management for yourselves, as you attempt to steer your own team to victory in a miniature World Cup for woodlice. So switch off your TVs and forget about the USA. The real soccer action this summer will be happening on the table tops of Britain, as thousands of Viz readers use their managerial skills to steer their teams of woodlice to World Cup victory. Good luck to you all. And may the best team win!

Fun for football fans
and insects alike!

Woodlous

Miniature

The **VIZ** BIG FAT SLAGS

DO I NOT LIKE THAT?
I DO **NOT** NOT LIKE IT!
'COS I DO!



STRETCHER



CORNER FLAGS



Out June 6th - BUY IT

World Cup preparations

Both managers select their players by placing a brick on the ground in a dark, damp part of the garden. The following day lift it up and pick your team from the squad of woodlice which have gathered underneath it. Then paint them in your team's colours using hammer nail varnish before placing them in a matchbox which will act as your team coach for transporting the players to and from the ground.

To assemble your Woodlous World Cup football pitch simply cut along the solid black lines and fold along dotted lines. Carefully erect the goals and advertising hoardings as shown. (It is important to correctly assemble the advertising hoardings as these will prevent your players from leaving the pitch during a game.) Assemble the corner flags by cutting out the coloured triangles and attaching them to cocktail sticks as shown.

A mini stretcher for injured insects is also included, which can be cut out and assembled using two matchsticks. A candle placed at each corner of the pitch will create instant 'mini floodlights' for use in night time matches.

Once the stadium has been assembled, all you need is a table tennis ball and you are ready to play Woodlous World Cup football.

World Cup

Football Game

It's table-top
'ugly bug' football!

Look-Out June 6th- BUY IT



Realistic
woodlouse
World Cup
soccer
action!

WORLD CUP



The BIG FAT SLAGS BOOK

Here's how you play

Place your eleven chosen woodlice in your half of the pitch, leaving two substitutes sitting next to you. (Placing the substitutes upside down will prevent them from walking away.) Use an alarm clock to time the game (15 minutes each way) and toss a coin to decide who kicks off.

Kick the ball by flicking your woodlice at it. You will quickly develop finger tip ball control skills. Otherwise, the rules are exactly the same as real football. But remember, only your players may touch the ball. If you make contact with the ball using your finger, or if you blow or otherwise interfere with the ball, then a free kick or penalty is awarded to your opponent.

If a woodlouse becomes injured or crunched it may be replaced by one of your substitutes. You could also make the game more realistic by using a beetle as a referee, centipedes as linesmen, and ladybirds as half-time cheer leaders.

When the game is over, cut out the miniature insect World Cup trophy and present it to the winning team. Then clean the nail varnish off your players with acetone, and return them to the garden where no doubt they will tell their insect friends for years to come about the day they won the World Cup!



GILBERT RATCHET



WHERE WE'RE ON
IN A COUNTRY
ABOUT AS THE
LAST DISTRICT

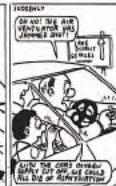


I REMEMBER LINE BOUND
ON HOLBY, RATCHET

DOES SHE HEARLY
THINK YET, DAD?

WOULD ANYONE
WANT ANOTHER
ONE, DAD?

WELL, I'M GOING
TO BE RICH



INTEREST

OR AND THE AIR
VENTILATOR WAS
JAMMED, RIGHT?

WITH THE COOL DRAINAGE
SUPPLY CUT OFF, HE COULD
ALL DIE OF HEATSTROKE



HARRY, GILBERT, BUT WITH ANOTHER
HARRY DRIVING BEFORE WE REACH
THE LAKE DISTRICT, THERE'S
ONLY A CHANCE OF ME LEFT IN
THE CAR FOR YOUR MOTHER AND
MISSES

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO
WALK THE REST OF THE WAY



DAD, HARRY, SON, IT'S ONLY
BETTER AND I'LL MEET YOU
AT THE CAMP SITE

WELL, I SUPPOSE
I'D BETTER START
DRIVING



A FEW HOURS LATER
THE INSPECTOR IS RUNNING A LIGHT
WEIGHT CHECK ON ALL PASSENGERS

ANYONE TAKES TO BE TOO SHORT
WILL BE REMOVED FROM THE FORCE



I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT

TO BE, AS A TRIFLING CUP
IT IS NO USE TO BE
COASTED PERFORMING TROUBLES
AND IN THE CAR, GILBERT
PARKED IN THE LAY-ON



CONSEQUENTLY I MASTURBATE
FREQUENTLY SEVERAL TIMES IN
DAY, AND THIS WAS DRAMATICALLY
EVIDENT AS

TO BE, AS A TRIFLING CUP
IT IS NO USE TO BE
COASTED PERFORMING TROUBLES
AND IN THE CAR, GILBERT
PARKED IN THE LAY-ON



PERHAPS I CAN HELP
CONSOLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



THEN I'LL STICK TO IT
TO CHECK IN THE FUTURE, I'LL
OF BLACK PINKS

YOUR WEIGHT PROBLEM IS
AS GOOD AS SOLVED



LET'S SEE -- OH, BY THE WAY, TWO
A MOST SATISFACTORY WEIGHT,
CONSIDERABLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



THANKS FOR GIVING ME A LIFT
TO THE LAKE DISTRICT, CONSIDERABLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



THANKS BY THE WAY, TWO
A MOST SATISFACTORY WEIGHT,
CONSIDERABLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



THANKS BY THE WAY, TWO
A MOST SATISFACTORY WEIGHT,
CONSIDERABLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



THANKS BY THE WAY, TWO
A MOST SATISFACTORY WEIGHT,
CONSIDERABLE

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER
WITH GILBERT AFTER ALL

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER
WITH GILBERT AFTER ALL

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER
WITH GILBERT AFTER ALL

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER
WITH GILBERT AFTER ALL

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WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT



PERHAPS I WON'T BOTHER
WITH GILBERT AFTER ALL

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WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT

WELL, I'M SURE TO PASS THE
WEIGHT TEST, GILBERT

The Road to Nowhere

My story begins on a hot summer's day. A tall, dark, lonesome figure walks by the roadside, a guitar in his hand, but only emptiness in his heart. Where he comes from no-one knows. Where he is heading, only time will tell.

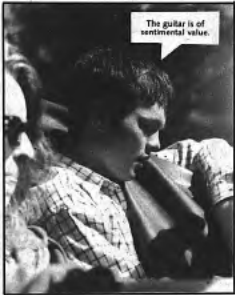
Hello. A hitch hiker. I'm in no hurry. May as well give him a lift.

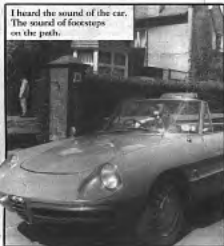
Going anywhere near Leeds?

Yeah, I'm going right past it. Hop in.

That's very kind of you. But I'm afraid I can't give you anything towards the petrol.

Don't worry about it. You can earn your passage by playing that guitar.







Tell me, do you have relatives in Leeds?

No, I'm looking up an old friend actually.



An old flame is it?

Not at all. It's someone I've never even met.

We just speak a lot on the phone.



She's called Polly. We got chatting one day after we had a crossed line, I've spoken to her every day since.

It's a funny sort of way I've fallen in love with her.



Ah! Here's a phone box. Could you pull over here. I'd better tell her I'm coming.



This Polly is a lucky girl. Ray is so dark and moody.



I can't wait to meet you Polly. I'll be there in 20 minutes.

Okay, I'll put the kettle on. We'll all have tea.



Everything okay?

Yeah, great! She says I can stay for a few days.

We'll hop back in. I'll drop you at the door.



Come on. Put your foot down. I can't wait to meet her, and find out what she looks like at long last!

I only hope she can live up to his expectations.



And so his journey neared its end. But somehow she knew it was only just beginning.

This is it. Number 101. This is Polly's house.





The MODERN PARENTS

8

SUNDAY
WHAT SHALL WE DO TODAY? LET'S HAVE SOME SUGGESTIONS SO WE CAN MAKE A GROUP DECISION...

LET'S GO TO THAT STORY-TELLING WORKSHOP AT THE ANDERSELF CENTRE

LET'S GO TO THE PARK AND PLAY FOOTBALL



OH TARQUIN! HAVEN'T YOU READ THAT BOOK I LENT YOU - "FOOTBALL AND THE MAZE PSYCHE"? SURELY YOU DON'T WANT TO PARTICIPATE IN A METAPHORICAL RE-ENACTMENT OF WARFARE WHICH PIONEERS TO MAN'S BASEST INSTINCTS OF COMPETITIVE MACHISMO AND CEBRIN TRIBALISM

WELL, I PROPOSE WE TAKE A VOTE ON THIS DAY'S AGENDA... ALL THOSE IN FAVOUR OF THE STORY-TELLING WORKSHOP?



TWO... GOOD!
NOW, ALL THOSE WHO WANT TO WASTE THE DAY AGGRESSIVELY KICKING A FOOTBALL ROUND THE PARK...



ONLY ONE... WELL, TARQUIN, YOU'VE JUST HAD TO ACCEPT THE DEMOCRATIC DECISION...

WHAT ABOUT GUNP... HE HASN'T VOTED YET?

GUNP... HE'S ABSTAINING BECAUSE HE HASN'T LEARN'T TO TALK YET AND HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE ISSUES BEING DISC...



FOOTBALL



OH TARQUIN! WE'VE SPENT MONTHS TRYING TO ENCOURAGE GUNP... HIS FIRST WORD TO BE "DOLPHIN"

WELL WE'RE NOT GOING TO TRIVIALISE THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS BY INCLUDING HIS MEANINGLESS BABY-TALK

IT'S NOT FAIR! ALL MY FRIENDS GET TO PLAY FOOTBALL... WHY CAN'T WE BE LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?



I FIND IT VERY WORRYING THAT TARQUIN FINDS IT SO DIFFICULT TO IDENTIFY WITH OUR ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE...

HAH... PERHAPS IF HE SAW MORE PEOPLE LIVING IN A CARING WAY LIKE US HE'D ACCEPT IT AS A NORMAL WAY OF LIFE... WHY DON'T WE GO AND VISIT ADAM AND HELENA FROM MY TAI CHI GROUP?



THEY'VE BEEN CREATING THEIR OWN ORGANIC SHELTER-HOLDING AND CROCIETY-FREE LIVING SPACE OUT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE...

AND THEIR THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON, ORPHUS, IS APPARENTLY REALLY CREATIVE... HE MIGHT BE A GOOD ROLE-MODEL FOR TARQUIN



LOOK, TARQUIN, THERE'S THEIR HOUSE... ADAM DESIGNED IT HIMSELF

AND WE'RE MAKING CATCHUP TIME...



HI! CRESSIDA! MALCOLM! GREAT TO SEE YOU!



AS YOU CAN SEE, I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM THE TRADITIONAL WESTERN SOCIETY HOUSE SHED, WITH ITS HORRIBLE MALCOWNE EIGHT-ANGLES

ADAM'S CREATED A SHED WHICH EMBODIES A FEMININE MOTHERING CONCEPT OF HOME

THIS IS OUR STUDY... PEOPLE LIKE US ARE LEAVING THE TV/VIDEO TOWARDS TELEGRAPHING, WITH ALL THE LATEST ELECTRONIC MAIL AND FAX/DATA SYSTEMS



THIS IS OUR MAIN CONSUMABLE QUALITY-TIME LIVING AREA... WE'RE TRYING TO EMBODY A STATE OF UNBORN-USE BODILY BENT FOCUS

WHILE ADAM'S OUR OPEN-PLAN TOAST CORNER... WE DON'T BELIEVE IN HEAVENLY NATURAL SCENT FUNCTION, MANY BATHS BEING USED

THIS IS OUR COFFING AND LUNCH-WASHING AREA



WE'RE PLANNING TO GENERATE ALL OUR OWN ELECTRICITY WITH THE WINDMILL... ADAM'S GOT IT WORKING AT NINETY PERCENT EFFICIENCY...



ORPHUS, THIS IS MALCOLM, CRESSIDA, TARQUIN AND GUNP... WERE AT WORK WERE YOU?



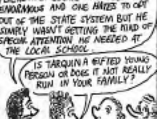
IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT... PERHAPS YOU COULD GIVE TARQUIN A LITTLE VIOLIN LESSON NOW?



YES, HE'S A REAL PRODIGY... I SUPPOSE ONE SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED - YOUNG PEOPLE DO INHERIT CREATIVITY FROM THEIR PARENTS, DON'T THEY?



WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT THAT ORPHUS WAS GIVEN WE HAD TO SEND HIM TO A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR HIGH FLUERS... OF COURSE THE FEES ARE ENORMOUS AND ONE HATES TO OPT OUT OF THE STATE SYSTEM BUT HE SIMPLY WASN'T GETTING THE KIND OF SPECIAL ATTENTION HE NEEDED AT THE LOCAL SCHOOL

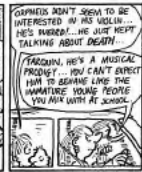


GOOD... YOU'VE GOT YOUR PUPILS FOR THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC NEXT MONTH, REMEMBER

WHAT A GOOD IDEA! AND WE CAN HAVE SOME HERBAL TEA

IS TARQUIN A BIFTED YOUNG PERSON OR DOES IT NOT REALLY RUN IN YOUR FAMILY?

IS TARQUIN A BIFTED YOUNG PERSON OR DOES IT NOT REALLY RUN IN YOUR FAMILY?



Poar! Was that

EXCLUSIVE

A wind of change is blowing through the Kent port of Folkstone since the recent opening of the Channel Tunnel.

But the residents haven't had a whiff of the booming business and economic growth they had expected from their new link to the continent. Instead they are breathing in dense, foggy clouds of putrid garlic fumes which are drifting through the tunnel.

MATTER

And this gas is no laughing matter. For British officials believe their French counterparts are *deliberately* pumping trouser gas through the tunnel in order to solve their own pollution problems. And as a result dangerously high levels of French fart fumes could soon be causing serious environmental damage in the Kent area.

GLOSSER

Engineers at the British end of the tunnel first detected a whiff of pickled eggs the day after the tunnel was officially opened by the Queen. At about the same time several complaints of the public who noticed that the white cliffs of Dover were turning yellow. Scientific tests then confirmed that alarming levels of gulf gases originating on the French side were filtering through the tunnel.

EGGSHELLER

But as well as the obvious dangers to safety, local residents are concerned about the immediate threat which the Chunnel chuff gases pose to the environment. For the unpleasant stench can very quickly erode stone work, cause cars to rust, trees to shed their foliage, and wallpaper to peel off. Farm produce from within a 50 mile radius of the tunnel entrance is being monitored by Ministry of Agriculture officials, and one herd of cattle has already been destroyed after their milk began to taste of mouldy cheese and pickled eggs.

FRENCH

Officially the French deny tunnelling their fumes into the Chunnel, but their diet

Farting Frogs funnel chuffs through Chunnel

of thick black coffee, garlic and frog's legs has led to serious pollution problems in the past. And the French government were known to be investigating new ways of getting rid of the estimated 750 million tons of trouser emissions which the French public let off every day.

CAPITAL

John Major is thought to have expressed his personal concern to the Prime Minister of France over the matter, however, the Channel Tunnel Treaty which was signed by both countries makes no mention of fart gases, and as a result the British authorities are unable to take action over the issue.

RED

How to dispose of their plentiful and particularly pungent cabbage clouds has been a constant problem for the French throughout history. Napoleon first

highlighted the problem in 1812 after his army conquered Moscow only for the city to be burnt down after French troops, celebrating their victory, had accidentally ignited their botty burps. Napoleon offered a reward of 2,000 francs (a sum of French money) to anyone who could invent a method of safely disposing of his countrymen's anal emissions.

BLACK

Another attempt to solve the problem came in the shape of the Eiffel Tower which was originally designed as a giant flue to release pump gases into the sky above Paris. But street cafe owners complained that such a scheme would be unhygienic with so many Parisians sitting on the pavement all day drinking coffee and eating garlic bread. And so the tower was converted into a tourist attraction instead.



These two world famous landmarks were both built as cunning fart disposal devices.



Some of the smells - the British entrance to the Channel Tunnel yesterday.

The people of New York were grateful when the French presented them with the Statue of Liberty to commemorate the anniversary of American independence. But unknown to the Americans the statue was in fact intended as a 'Trojan Pump Horse'. It was in fact a cunningly designed giant gas tank filled with odorous farts. The gas would have been burnt off slowly, keeping the statue's famous torch alight for up to fifty years. But the resulting clouds of pungent smoke would have thrown the city into darkness and caused widespread illness and disease. Fortunately for the Americans the statue sprang a leak during its voyage across the Atlantic and the gas escaped, killing millions of fish.

PINK

Only Sweden has ever attempted to tackle the problem of national flatulence. In 1989 they became the first country in Europe to harness pump power and convert it into energy. The

flatulence fired electrical generator station at Trask was the first of its kind in the world, using farts to power a series of giant windmills which would in turn generate electricity. A 'wind tunnel' was built from the densely populated South East of the country to the power station 600 miles away. Unfortunately the amount of fart coming through the tunnel was insufficient to make the giant windmills turn, and the decision was taken to scrap the £400 billion project.

SHIT

Last night British Nuclear Fuels began negotiating with French sewage officials in an attempt to resolve the Chunnel Tunnel wind problem. It is thought that BNF will buy France's excess emissions and transport them to Nuclear power stations in Britain where they will piss about with them for several years before deciding what the fuck to do next.

vous?

We're farting back for Britain!

We're launching a patriotic campaign to save Britain from the disgusting smell which the French are channelling in our direction. And we already have the backing of several top stars, including Jim 'Nick Nick' Davison, Sting, Dame Vera Lynn and the late Field Marshall Montgomery.

We plan to give the Frogs a taste of their own medicine by sending them some good old British farts, 'Dambusters' style. And these will be bouncing bombs with a difference, as Charles Aznavour and co. will soon be finding out.

We're going to inflate red, white and blue beach balls using British wine, and send them bouncing off the white cliffs of Dover towards the French coast. And in a highly emotional atmosphere Dame Vera will sing some of her wartime favourites as the bombs are launched. If the French thought D-Day was spectacular, wait till they see this!

This is how YOU can help. We want everyone in Britain to send us a fart, and we'll use your farts to inflate our bouncing bombs. All you have to do is fart into an envelope, and send it to the following address: Vic 'Furthusses Campaign', P.O. Box IPT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. And remember to mark your envelopes 'Proud to be British'. You can send as many farts as you like, but each one must be in a separate envelope. We



Proud to be pumping for Britain, Jim 'nick nick' Davison (above) and Dame Vera (above above).

regret that we cannot accept wot ones. To prevent your fart simply blowing away whilst in the post, each envelope should be weighed down. To do this simply pop a one pound coin into the envelope before sealing it. And make sure you flick your envelope before you fart into it, or use a self-sealing envelope. Under no circumstances attempt to lick a fart filled envelope.

Always follow the farting code

For reasons of safety always take these simple precautions when farting:

1. Always fart in a well ventilated room, away from children or pets.
2. Never fart near a naked flame, or attempt to ignite a fart.

3. Under no circumstances should you fart whilst suffering from diarrhoea or any similar medical condition. If in doubt consult your doctor.
4. Never hold a fart in - it could make your heart explode.

JAILHOUSE

A Cleethorpes man is to write to the Home Office after a trip to one of Britain's 'luxury' jails turned into a nightmare.

Joe Worthington was looking forward to six months of booze, sex and drugs after reading about Britain's jails in the tabloid press. But within hours of arriving at Hull's high security prison Joe was already wishing he was back home.

STAY

"I'd read about the sex and drugs and was really looking forward to my stay", Joe told us. "I'd heard that all sorts of drugs were freely available inside, and that prostitutes would be provided, so I was quite excited when the judge gave me six months." But Joe's dreams were quickly shattered.

SIT

"The first thing that struck me was how small the rooms were. I asked for a single but they gave me a twin which I had to share with a total stranger. There was no tea and coffee making facilities, no TV and no mini-bar either. But worst of all our room didn't have en-suite facilities, so whenever I needed the bathroom during the night I had to use a bucket which the cleaner had left in the room."

HEEL

According to Joe the prison's restaurant had to be seen to be believed. "It was like something out of Fawlty Towers," he told us. "There were hardly any staff. It was so bad we had to do a lot of the cooking ourselves. And the service was appalling. In the whole time I was there I never saw a single wine list."

SOLE

Leisure facilities at the prison were also a disappointment. "There was never anything to do. It was left up to the wardens to organise games and activities, but they weren't exactly the brightest people you'll ever meet. All they ever did was tell us to walk round in circles in the yard. No day trips or outings or anything like that. In fact they wouldn't even take us to the pub in the evenings."

PLAICE

Joe's wife had been looking forward to visiting him. She saved up for a fortnight just to buy him drugs and had

SHOCK

'Luxury prisons' a con says con



Joe outside the gates of a prison similar to the one referred to in our story, yesterday.

put on a clean pair of knickers, fully expecting to be ushered into a side room for a steamy prison romp with her husband. But she was in for a big surprise. "We had to sit at a table in a big room full of other people. It was really embarrassing. My wife suggested I smoke some drugs to help me relax while we had sex on the table. But I hadn't even got her knickers off when the warden came and pulled us apart. Next thing you know they threw her out and chucked me back in my cell. And they wouldn't even let me keep the drugs."

SKATE

Indeed, getting his end away was proving to be a bit of a problem for Joe. "The prostitutes were the main reason I wanted to go to prison," he confessed. "I'd heard the wardens smuggle them in for steamy romps with the inmates. But when I politely asked if they could get me a couple of girls to put on a lesbian show for me, I was dragged before the govern-

nor. I told him one girl would do, and I'd even settle for some quick topless relief, but he wasn't having any of it. I ended up in solitary confinement for a week."

SKI

Since his release Joe has written to the prison authorities complaining about the facilities and also the standard of service inside the prison. But so far he has not received a reply. "I've also written to the judge who arranged the sentence for me. I'm sure he wouldn't be sending people to Hull prison if he knew what a dump it was," said Joe.

MÜLLER LITE

When we rang the Home Office a spokesman admitted that there were problems maintaining standards at many of Britain's jails. "To be quite honest we can't get the staff," he told us yesterday.

FINBAR SAUNDERS IN DOUBLE ENTENRES



DOWN ON FINBAR - HEUST YOUR MOTHER'S
OUT MAKING HER HAIR DONE, WE CAN MAKE
A STORY DECORATING THE HOUSE



MAKE SURE THE LID ON THAT TIN OF OFF-WHITE
PAINT IS SECURE. I ENDED UP STALLING SOME OF
IT AT THE DECORATING SUPPLIES WHOLESALES
WHEN I HAD DIFFICULTY OPENING THE DOOR.



WE IT HAD GONE QUITE
STIFF AND I LOST A LOT
OF CREAM TRYING TO GET
MY EQUIPMENT THROUGH
THE TRADESWOMAN'S ENTRANCE.



AND A BUNT SPILLAGE CAN BE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP
I ONCE ACCIDENTALLY KICKED OVER A TIN OF CAULUSION
WHILE PRINTING MY WIFE'S HAIRSPOTTING. YES, I WASH
TOUCHING UP HER SKINTONE AND I COULD HAVE
IT TOOK ME AGES TO GET THE STICKY
WHITENESS MESS OUT OF THE CARPET.



NOW THEN FINBAR
YOUR MOTHER HAS
EXPRESSED A PREFERENCE
FOR WALLPAPER WITH A
VERTICAL STRIPE



... AND SHE'S ALWAYS SAID SHE
WAS TO HAVE A THICK PINK ONE
ALL THE WAY UP HER BACK.



THE MOST IMPORTANT THING
WHEN DECORATING IS TO ENSURE
THAT YOUR WALL SURFACES ARE
SOUND. AND TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE
CHECK FOR GUNNETS OR GUNNETS
BEHIND THE OLD PAPER.



THAT'S RIGHT. PULL IT BACK GENTLY AND
CHECK UNDERNEATH FOR FLAKY BITS.



FOUR! LET'S GET ON NEXT.
IF YOU START STRIPPING NOW WE
CAN HAVE IT DONE WHEN YOUR
MOTHER GOES HOME.



DON'T FRUIT TO HARD,
PULL IT GENTLY...



IT TAKES A BIT LONGER TO
COMING OFF, BUT IT'S WORTH
IT BECAUSE YOU GET A
BETTER FINISH.



CHICKEN EYE.
MIGHT BEFORE WE CAN PUT UP THE
NEW WALLPAPER, WE HAVE TO
SHARPEN UP THE FANTRON.



COME FINE, MYSELF INCHES,
BUT IN FACT HAVE PAINTED
WALLPAPER IN THESE ROOMS BUT
PREFER A PAIRN, PAINTED WALL.



YES, I LOANED ABOUT PAINTING IN THE
CATERING CLOAKS AS A GEEK I HAD TO
CONTEMPLATE THE MIDDLECLASS, AND
IT WAS SO OFFENSIVE THAT I BECAME
DISORDERED SEVERAL TIMES AT THE
AFRICAN BORDER.



WHETHER THE THICK OWN FANTRITE SIZE
AND TYPE OF BRUSH, THOUGH ONE DOES OF COURSE
HAVE A CHOICE OF WHICH
ONE USE.



THERE'S A SPECIAL TECHNIQUE TO USING
A FANTRON. BUT AT THE END IN
TILL THE MARKS START
TO GET MOST, THEN
LONG, SLOW STROKES
ARE MOST EFFECTIVE.
I FIND.



WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED,
DON'T JUST LEAVE IT IN...



OUR GUNNET YOU'VE MADE A SHORT
ON THE DECORATIONS



SEN, YES MY UNWOMEN,
IN FACT, I WAS WITNESSING
YOUR TALK TO FOR
UPDATES INTO YOUR. EAR.
REASONED - TO LINE RU
TO. AFTER, HAVE
A LOOK AT
THIS GUNNET.



GOOD GRABING AND I,
WHAT A LARGE GUNNET!
WORTH YOU USE ARE
TO FILL IN?



BUM

FART



BOLLOCKS



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PRIVATE EYE

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